



MASSACHUSETTS
SCHOOL OF ART

**THE
VIGNETTE**

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ST. VITAS CATHEDRAL; PRAGUE FROM THE OLD PALACE,
NOW OCCUPIED BY THE PRESIDENT

THE VIGNETTE

Frantisek Bakule, a Great Teacher

Sometimes one has a rare experience which precludes adequate expression in words. It may be such a feeling as rises when a big steamer moves away from the pier carrying one from America for the first time, or the tremor that comes when one emerges from the station at Venice to see a light dip by in the darkness and know it must be a gondola on the canal. In Prague last summer, I heard the Bakule children sing and marveled at the director who could not sing himself and yet drew from his pupils such interpretation of great themes in music.

A chapter in the history of the Bakule Institute tells of its stimulus to modern education. "Director Bakule has secured a prominent place among Czechoslovak pedagogues by his educational experiments which open up new ways in pedagogical science and often run counter, with great boldness, to hoary traditions and practices.

In 1919, though penniless, he undertook to prove that it is possible to awaken, even in crippled children, love of work, idealism and a self-conscious spirit of enterprise. He succeeded so well that Americans declared the results of his work to be the most interesting thing to be met with in Europe, and the American Red Cross presented him with a gift of honour of \$25,000.00.

This sum Mr. Bakule spent in the foundation of an institute where he dispenses free education to children gathered from the nooks and corners of the suburbs of Prague. Work and refined amusements are instrumental in developing in them all the qualities of a fine humanity.

When the well-known American scholar, Dr. MacCracken, representing the Institute for International Education, New York, on a visit to Bakule's Institute saw the results of work extending only over a few years, he had Mr. Bakule invited to the United States for the purpose of convincing the American public that crippled and maimed children can be transformed into creative artists and that street boys and girls without an idea of musical notes and whose shouting in the streets of their suburbs bespoke, at the most, healthy lungs, can be brought to form a choir fully capable of tackling both the spiritual and the technical sides of the most arduous musical compositions. The American trip of this choir, which aimed at the same time at bringing together children of all nations and races, proved a perfect triumph.

The songs of Bakule's children raised, in spite of their rather unpromising antecedents, to a high artistic standard, as well as the products of the crippled pupils, some of whom may rank as creative artists, have attracted the eyes of foreigners to the new methods practiced in Bakule's Institute. Invitations came in from abroad for lecture tours and concerts. It was specially in 1925, at the Heidelberg International Pedagogical Congress, that the Czechoslovak children and their educator became objects of the highest interest to educationists who had come from all parts of the world, and who, expressed a desire to pay a visit to the Bakule Home at Prague. And their step towards the carrying out of the above plan was the trip to Denmark, undertaken in 1926, with results no less satisfying than the visit to America."

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While in America the children gave one hundred and fifty concerts in thirty of the largest towns and cities of the Eastern States, including Boston where they sang at Tremont Temple and Symphony Hall. Mr. Bakule explained his educational methods at Wentworth Institute and at The School for Crippled and Deformed Children. But it was not until I went to Prague that I heard the girls and boys who cannot speak a word of English sing "The Star Spangled Banner." It is something to hear one's national anthem in a foreign country and something one can never forget to hear the Bakule children sing it. Not merely that their voices were well trained, and they knew how to phrase the song, but they conveyed to us the emotion of a large assembly singing at the time of a national crisis. I felt I had never known before how much America could mean to me.

The early life of Frantisek Bakule shows how he has been lead to use his unique educational methods with such remarkable results.

"Mr. Bakule's whole life has been one of struggle against tremendous odds. His first activity was in the mining-industrial region of Kladno. In such an environment, he was a stranger. Kladno was then throbbing with political, social, industrial unrest. Bakule had always lived in an agricultural country, among a people of simple ways, of rich folk tales and folk songs—among a people such as Michael Pupin, Professor of Electro-Mechanics at Columbia University, describes in his autobiography published in Scribner's Magazine.

"The struggles of the working classes and their narrow cramped life were strange to Bakule. He learned a new kind of humanity; and to help them solve their difficulties, his education in the State normal school proved of little value. He felt that only by sharing their problems and difficulties would he be able to help them. He turned from books to study life itself. He determined that the right kind of education could only be discovered after careful observation and cold logical reasoning had disclosed the facts. In the face of a traditional system of education, his action was indeed

courageous. He soon determined that only *through* life and work can boys and girls be prepared *for* life and work.

"Mr. Bakule declares that the teacher, to succeed, must begin with the child's needs and impulses. If the teacher shows an intelligent interest in the child's needs and impulses, and can direct his energies accordingly, his progress will be sure and rapid. The teacher must know the Book of Life and Nature, for the child makes real progress only when he sees education vitalized in terms of Life, Nature, and Work.

"After working out his ideas in several schools, Mr. Bakule was called to the Jedlicka Institute, at Prague, "a school for crippled children's bodies." Here he had an excellent opportunity to prove his ideas. Crippled children surely did not need the formal system of education and the traditional schedule of classes. Crippled children needed to realize that they might live without mental suffering and the humiliation that they were parasites of the society; they needed to realize that they could live happy and useful lives. But how was he to share this conviction with crippled boys and girls who were despondent and had lived all their days in squalid tenements and dingy attics.

"He regarded the children as a community that could contribute something to society. And by making such a contribution they would be enabled to support themselves. Previously the children had no opportunity to live. Mr. Bakule insisted they should learn to live. 'They should know real life. And for this life they must be educated by life itself. There is no better teacher. Therefore I threw open the windows and doors, and many of the crippled children learned to their surprise that their little bodies and souls could enjoy **Life and Nature**.

"Their love and respect was secured by organizing them on the same basis as he would have organized a group of adults. The members had certain definite duties if they wished to live and to stay in the Institute. Because of the physical state of many of the pupils, the current daily needs were varied and many; but the children soon realized they were responsible members of a community and must meet its conditions. They also recognized their opportunity, and declined

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BAKULE WITH SOME OF THE CHILDREN

to take it as a gift. They expressed the desire to pay in some way for the privileges they were enjoying.

"But how were crippled children to be taught the value and dignity of labor. The teacher resorted to the Book of Life. All children are interested in play. To a child, play is work. They began to play. Soon they discovered they needed games. Where were the games to come from? They had no money. Then why not make them? Tools were secured, trades were studied, and soon the children were making equipment for games, toys of different kinds, and utensils for the school.

"At the same time, it was the custom of the director to share the world's finest literature with the children. If he enjoyed Kipling's Jungle books or "Alice in Wonderland," he at once shared his enthusiasm and enjoyment with the children. The effect of this imaginative literature was very evident in all the work of the children.

In their daily duties and in their handwork, the children learned the importance, utility, and joy of work. They somehow recognized it as a part of life and as a means to life. Working satis-

fied their longing for motion. And while working they could forget their little crippled bodies. They were soon not only doing, but achieving. Their experience led them to know the significance of work.

"Work came easy to the children, but how did the director succeed when eager, expectant children asked him to teach them to pleat a basket, to make a box, to paint a picture, to bind a book? Then he had to confess ignorance. Did that confession lessen their admiration for and loyalty to him?

"Mr. Bakule soon found himself taking short intensive courses in workshops and factories. The rules of the Institute did not allow idleness in the workshop. The children, therefore, examined their teacher every day to learn what he had learned. They discovered that their teacher, too, had *to learn* and that the beginner makes excellent progress only by patient, painful effort. Whatever innate ability a boy or girl had was thus brought out. Furthermore, the teacher never hesitated to ask the children for help. The joys of accomplishment the teacher and students shared.

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A Visit to Chicago

This summer I visited Chicago, and wandered around the city in a reminiscent mood. I was seeking also for a hint of what the future is to be in the decorative Art and Architecture of America, for Chicago intends to be, and doubtless will become, the greatest city in the world. And behind all the chaos and welter of hideousness that now enwrap the scene, you can see at work, minds that plan for the future and their plans are for beauty by the mile, and Art by the acre.

When a very small boy, I lived in Chicago for one winter; thence on to Colorado where I grew up. One day that winter I was taken on a long trip across the city to hear an inspiring sermon by my uncle, who was an Episcopal minister. I was delegated, I remember, to carry his silk stole in a box, and admonished not to touch the embroidered symbols on it. We travelled endlessly in cable cars and horse cars heated by stoves. At one place the cars went past a vast field where great skeletons of construction were rising. There were masses of colossal sculpture, and thousands of classic pillars in gleaming white plaster were being arrayed in long rows. My mother explained to me that it was the World's Fair being built to celebrate the three hundredth anniversary of The Landing of Columbus. To a little boy, it was fairyland itself, and it was indeed as near an approach to fairyland as the world can offer.

There were at work there, at that time, a group of artists who are now American Old Masters: Daniel Burnham, F. L. Ormstead, R. M. Hunt, Augustus St. Gaudens, and Karl Bitter, to name a few. Their choice of the Classic style for the exhibition buildings ended a period of aimless triviality in American architecture, and the beauty of the Great White City, as it was called, has been a constant influence for dignity and taste ever since.

I returned to Chicago twenty-five years ago and studied for three years at the Art Institute, and so, in my wanderings about the city this summer, I had three different periods of its history to help

me in speculating as to the future.

New York has, of course, been the leader up to now, but New York is a picture that has received its frame, a frame that cannot be expanded. It must be now filled in and perfected. But Chicago, being unlimited in area, has sketched a larger picture, and since most of the picture is yet to be even started, she will benefit by New York's experience.

The Architecture of the future is here, and with it, the type of sculpture and decoration that artists will be called upon to do. This new style is a natural development from the new methods of building, and while we have examples of it here in the East, it is in the West and particularly in Chicago, that it is being worked out in the mass. Chicago is going to be a very beautiful place when it is finished, but it will be a terrible kind of beauty.

There is being developed along the Chicago River and Michigan Avenue a complex of two and three level streets that are an example of what the streets of the future must be. They are not ugly, as the old elevated structures are, but they are being made monumental, with stairways and ramps of solid construction. Here also, the new Chicago Opera House, and the Furniture Mart, which will be the largest building in the world, are being done in the new manner.

There is at present, on Michigan Avenue, where the river enters the Lake, a group of skyscrapers that make a most wonderful vista of the new architecture. In this group is the Tribune tower that is Gothic to be sure, and one or two other towers that are Renaissance, but the latest giants that have been erected, and others being built, are creations of our own day; walls that very obviously do not support themselves but simply clothe a strong steel body within. They are like a handsome costume on a lithe and vital woman. They are made of bronze and polished marble and glass, and like a beautiful gown, they have decoration where it will look well. Bas-reliefs are applied with the same effect

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as lace panels on an opera cloak. Bronze grills are used like braiding or embroidery. A fashion designer who comprehends form as a sculptor does, would make an ideal modern architect.

The new style that is developing has been created by the new materials and the methods of their use. Walls are no longer thick, and so ornament has become flat. Pillars are no longer needed and perpendiculars can be gotten by windows or strips of colored tiles, so that buildings need not be solemn and grey, but may glow with color. America is about to do wonderful things, and the artists and the decorators will be not the least on the program.

The Elks' Memorial building in Chicago is perhaps the most gem-like building of its size in America. It faces the northern side of Lincoln Park. Across from it is the Goethe Memorial by Herman Hahn, a fine example of modern German sculpture. In the Elks' Memorial, Eugene Savage has had his opportunity to present his style to a bewildered public. I, myself, enjoy the paintings greatly as decorations, but a gentleman who overheard me say so, and who seemed to be a resident of the city, observed that of the many thousand visitors who had viewed the decorations, Mr. Savage and I were the only ones that he had seen who did enjoy them. This raises the nice question, in regard to monumental arts, as to where the Artist's rights end and the Public's begin. There are two decorations by E. H. Blashfield that I hope I may be permitted to enjoy, even tho they are charming and well-drawn.

The sculptural decorations by Frazier and Weinman are superb. I talked for a long time with the carvers who are cutting the great frieze on the facade. This beautiful memorial is not in any sense an example of the new style. In Kansas City I saw the great World War Memorial that is in the most austere new manner with a perpetual flame leaping from its summit and lights illuminating it against the sky, and in Lincoln, Nebraska, the wonderful new State capitol that is almost a new style in itself.

In Lincoln Park, Chicago, I sought out St. Gaudens' Lincoln, and near it the early Indian equestrian statue, "The Sig-

nal of Peace," by Mr. Dallin. Later in the summer, I saw the original plaster of this statue where it has an honored place in the State capitol of Utah, together with the original plaster of the statue of the bronze Massasoit that stands in Plymouth. On the other side of the city in Jackson Park there is a colossal golden bronze and granite monument. It stands where the Administration Building of the World's Fair stood, and has been placed by the city to commemorate the great exposition. The statue is a replica in bronze of the figure of the Republic by D. C. French. It stood in plaster at the head of the court of honor during the fair. The crumbling remnants of the Fine Arts Palace of the fair still stand. The building was much admired and it is hoped that it also may be restored in permanent materials.

I found the Art Institute not greatly changed. It seemed very much like home again. I was permitted to go into the Art School studios, which were closed for the summer. They are as well equipped and spacious as our own. In the galleries, I was completely captured by a whole room full of Innesses, a collection new since my time. The Art Institute has been kind to American painting and there are several galleries filled with the best.

There is also a room given over to modern experiments. It gives a fine opportunity to compare all styles within a few steps or by a few turns of the head.

The lake front park, Grant Park, an important detail of the grand scheme for the future, is beginning to assume its final form, a vast fountain that plays as grandly as Old Faithful. The great Marble Field Museum, and beyond it the Roman amphitheatre called Soldier's Field, are all very wonderful but exhausting to reach. I find it a great relief to return to the coziness of Boston and the charm of the Colonial. Next summer I shall nibble at the Old World, but as an American artist, I shall continue to keep my eye on Chicago and to look beyond New York for a clue to the future of American Art.

RAYMOND A. PORTER.

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"CHOPPY"

Choppy; A Character

Choppy sits in the sun. Few know his right name; fewer care. He is, in our little seaboard town of Shallow Water, a local institution. Everybody knows him for a mosser, a lobsterman, and a loafer!

Loudly does Choppy proclaim his contentment. He scoffs at mention of former, youthful ambitions. In his own crude philosophy he says,

"I sit in the sun and watch the world roll. If the mossin' is good, I feast; if not, w'al—clams. Gettin' blue abaout the gills won't do no good—yew'll scurce-ly ever see the sky lookin' down! Come winter, I hibernate—no cares, no responsibilities. I am the happy man!"

And so it would seem, but for the fact that Choppy has not always lived down

sea from Boston. He drifted into town some thirty years ago, unknown. From whence no one knew—nor seemed to care. He was gradually accepted as a neighbor and friend, yet nothing was known of his past. No one asked him; Shallow Water has a code.

Choppy's eyes are grey. The louder he boasts, the more haunted they become. The people of Shallow Water have reason to believe that this boasted contentment is less fact than fabric, that it is even to be termed "applesauce," and there is a curious whimsical twist to his lips, a hint in his facial expression, that tells them that he knows they know.

PAUL QUINN.

Tony Sarg's Marionettes

"Look! the small curtain is drawn and a soft light shines through the opening.

See now the shimmering wires as the creaking inhabitants enter

The stage, while their canvas homes shake, and the balconies daubed on with color.

Amid such diminutive scenes in a world so little and narrow,

Whatever mankind has done in Assemblies, or battles, or triumphs,

These little folks too have done in their theatre tiny."

Translated from Addison's *Machinae Gesticulantes*.

You may read as many books as you wish about marionettes and their style of acting and their eccentricities; you may study how they are made, and how they work and about their ancestors and distant relations, and still you will not be prepared for the thrill of your first puppet show. Three strokes of the gong and the curtain opens on the Spanish Court. "The Adventures of Christopher Columbus" are to be enacted. Eyes soon become accustomed to the tiny people with their strange gestures and their peculiar gait. The ears become used to pompous didactic speeches. Grave, earn-

est Columbus followed by his comical red-headed servant, Antonio, is ushered into court and pleads for ships for his expedition. He does his famous egg trick. King Ferdinand voices his scepticism in a deep gruff voice, and influenced by his courtiers refuses aid. Sweet, fair Queen Isabella volunteers aid and even would pawn her jewels, but a generous Shylock loans her the money. Plots are afoot to do away with Columbus. Courtiers and sailors scheme, heads together, and the Santa Maria sails manned by spies. A mutiny is averted just in time for America to be discovered and claimed by Spain. Wicked Red Beard is cast overboard and gobbled by a shark in an effective undersea setting. Columbus cows the Indians by foretelling a very opportune eclipse of the sun and forces them to give him fruit, birds, monkeys and gold to take home. Columbus is trapped and imprisoned by the King of Portugal and is about to be put to death when, for about the fourth time in the play, he is saved by faithful Antonio. Once again he comes before the King and Queen. This time he is royally welcomed and cheered by all. Even the show manager must

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Creaking Saddle Leather

I had come from the Pacific by way of the Columbia River, and found myself in a Wonder Land. Thirty-three hundred square miles of wooded wilderness lay around me; the Yellowstone, the largest and most successful wild animal preserve in the world. Atop a real, Western sorrel cow pony, I could ask for nothing more. My guide was a true Westerner, a bronze-skinned, weather beaten cow puncher who had been "on his own" since he was eleven years old. He knew horses, was as much at home in the forest as on the prairies, and his Knowledge of wild animals made me envious.

We left the lodge early that day, and after a mile stretch edged with bear grass, we finally picked up a blazed trail through Douglas Fir and Lodge Pole Pine. An occasional bear crossed our path or paused at his task of searching for ants in an old stump to watch us. The Rocky Mountain jays hopping from limb to limb squawked harshly as we passed, as if challenging our right to invade their forest. Once a deer lifted his antlered head above the thicket to watch our passing, and Mr. Douglas Squirrel cut a pine cone, dropped it, and scampered down to enjoy it quite regardless of us.

Three miles of this intimate contact with animals and nature brought us to the rim of the canyon. Looking down almost vertically for a thousand feet, we saw the Yellowstone River, and southward three miles, the Great Falls. Jagged, rocky needles rose perpendicularly from below, like groups of Gothic spires. Here and there on the pinnacles, were Osprey nests, and as we watched, a male Osprey with a fish in his beak, came swooping and circling up the canyon from the river far below. The erosion of ages has carved these walls which are streaked and spotted in every shade from the deepest orange to the faintest lemon; from deep crimson through all the brick shades to the softest pinks; from black through all the greys and pearls to glistening white. I turned away many times, and every time I looked back new colors came to me and new forms took shape. As I turned my

horse's head for the last time, I had a queer feeling of smallness, of insignificance among all that Vast Sublimity.

Another hour brought us to a mountain stream. We watered the horses, and after quenching our own thirst, we went in search of wild strawberries and buffalo berries. I found that the Ten Gallon hat of my guide served many purposes. It was not only an improvised water bucket and protection from the sun, but a berry pail as well. After a little, we went on lazily picking our way across a valley of blue lupine and blue gentian with an occasional wild orchid bed. As we rounded a gnarled cedar, my guide put up his hand for me to be quiet.

He slid out of his saddle and crept up behind a large fir. Placing his hands to his mouth, he gave the whistling call of the Bull Moose. It echoed clearly through the valley and as I looked, I saw a cow moose raise her head from drinking and then leisurely lope off into the brush. The guide remounted, and we continued on with no sound but that of a twig snapping or the chatter of a Pine Squirrel in a nearby tree.

We headed back by way of the small, but exquisite Rainbow Falls. The beauty here silenced even my hard-boiled guide,—he was only human. We were nearly back to camp when we saw for the first and last time a large, twelve foot grizzly, a silver tip. He was the monarch of the forest and he carried himself accordingly. Fortunately he was not interested in us and we reached camp safely. That night the rhythmic pounding of the distant falls lulled me to sleep in my cabin as the Alpine glow crept over the mountains to the southward.

G. R.

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step upon the tiny stage and shake his hand. There are gasps from all thru the audience at the sudden appearance of such a real live giant.

When the colorful pageant was ended many people were so curious they had to go back stage and see the puppets near to. There was the whole cast of Indians, pirates, Spanish dancers, sailors

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ST. ETIENNES TOULOUSE—LOUIS C. ROSENBERG

—Courtesy Casson Galleries

and noblemen, and a menagerie of monkeys, fish, donkeys and birds all hung up systematically about the scaffolding of the stage. Everyone was busy closing shop and tying the puppets in their bags. However, one puppeteer took the time to show us how King Ferdinand's grand moustaches were waxed, and how the queen's cloth-of-gold skirt was made, and how she picked up her jewels to offer them to Columbus, and how Antonio's jaw worked, and how the serpent was made of rubber sponge.

The darkened hall was a strong hint for all to leave, and leave they did, but most reluctantly.

LOUISE SANGER.

The Airplanes of Arabia!

This has nothing to do with shieks or camels. It isn't that kind of a story. The airplanes of Arabia were constructed by three boys of the Peabody Settlement House under the direction of our own Robert Arabia, of the Class of '31. The planes were exhibited in Atlantic City at the National Finals Aircraft Contest, where they carried four prizes, a first and three thirds.

Lindbergh

Of course he is quiet and has simple manners. He's one of the Plane people.

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The group from M.S.A. in Florence



Bust of Cellini on the Ponte Vecchio



Peasant Couple
Dresden



Venice



Dürer's House
Nürnberg

THE PLUMBLINE

Prologue

It is our contention that variety is a necessary element in a literary diet. Overly large portions, whether they be solid literary roast beef or delicate, ornate, intellectual pastries alike surfeit the reader's appetite. We present therefore for your delectation a new feature: the *hors d'ouevres*, as it were, of "The Vignette's" literary repast.

The Plumblineline is bound by no preconceived policy as to the type or scope of material offered. Variety is our keynote; Distraction our object. Serious things, humorous things, quips, comments, criticisms, poetry, doggerel, or what have you: all is grist that comes to our mill.

The First Year

A double-distilled quintessence of our Freshmen impressions presented for the special benefit of 1932.

Drawing: Be careful to observe your limits.

Design: Oh son, where's your rest space?

Life: Conte crayons and typewriter paper.

Modelling: Clay; a substance composed largely of bits of old plaster, hay wire, string, and defunct hairpins, the whole well saturated with ice-water.

Painting: Assorted bottles. Make 'em like the nature.

Water Color: Lumpy paper, sponges, turgid charcoal washes, and—lumpy paper.

English: The Copley Square Library, Saugus.

History: Notebooks.

Quite So

Hoibut the Halibut says: "It is better to have loved and lost—much better."

Autumn

Blackbirds at twilight — the keen, earthy smell of burning leaves—wood smoke—crisp, scarlet apples—hoar-frost on fence posts.

Auntie Climax

It was in the dying moments of a football game between two great college rivals. The sun was slowly sinking behind the rim of the huge stadium. The glowing tips of a thousand cigarettes flickered and winked in the purpling shadows.

Down on the white-ribbed sward, the home team was making a last, gallant stand to retain its slender margin of victory against the desperate onslaughts of the invaders.

A lunge of jerseyed bodies, a hammering smash, and the ball was now but a yard from the goal. Fourth down and thirty seconds to play. Grimly the players crouched for the last, desperate thrust. The sharp staccato bark of the quarterback sliced through the tense air. Strong men clenched their hands in an agony of apprehension. Forty-nine thousand, nine hundred and ninety-nine souls leaned forward, gripped by the tenseness of the moment.

Suddenly a voice broke the stillness, a querulous, nervous voice. "John," it apprehended apprehensively, "John, are you sure you locked the car?"

Applesauce

Apropos of the apple-eating season, we offer the following:

There was a young lady from Hyde
From eating green apples she died
The apples fermented
Inside the lamented
And made cider inside her inside.

THE PLUMBER.

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The Troll of Overstaadt Farm

There is an old song of the mountain country, "In Ola Valley," which tells how a small boy wandered into the hills and was never seen again. The peasant folk believed that he had been stolen away by a troll, and every night at sundown groups of them led by the priest would go up the mountain calling out for him, or singing hymns, while the church bells tolled in the valley below. This belief of the country people in the power of church bells to vanquish the evil creatures of the old religion is brought out by Ibsen in *Peer Gynt* where Peer is saved from the Mountain King and his ugly daughter by the sound of the bells.

Although the troll is allied with Odin, Thor, and Loki, there is still a belief among the old Norwegians that he really existed and has only recently disappeared. In the old days, when the gods of Asgard ruled the north countries, the trolls lived in terror of Thor, and of Thor's hammer, Mjölner. Though Mjölner failed his mark, the deafening roar of the avalanche which always followed was enough to send any miscreant troll scuttling back to his hills. Perhaps it was the memory of crashing rocks which made them quiver at the clangor of church bells, or perhaps it was the realization of a Power greater than Mjölner hurled from the hand of Thor. I do not know. I have heard many stories of encounters with these mischievous troll-men. Whether they are imaginary or true, I cannot say. The following was told me by my father, whose boyhood chum was the Ola of the story.

"Ola Overstaadt very slowly wended his way in the direction of the conspicuous red barn which housed Olga, a most indifferent yet essential cow. There was a hint of reluctance in his gait, and when he turned to gaze suspiciously at the moon, there was a gleam in his Nordic eyes that indicated fear. Squaring his shoulders, and whistling a lively folk-dance tune, he approached the door. Pitter-patter-pitter-patter went his heart. Very cautiously he pushed the door ajar and looked in. Ola's eyes widened and Olga twitched her ears un-

believingly at the volley of 'Norsk Ugdelighed' which followed. Departed from the usual orderly condition was every article the small barn boasted of. Even Olga, who spent the nights comfortably tethered in the warmest corner, was out of her accustomed place and a trifle too near the decreasing grain.

Standing in the midst of the disorder, Ola reached a conclusion. A troll had come to the farm to live, and without doubt, it was an extremely mischievous troll. There were three months more of winter and these things could not go on. Something must be done, and done quickly. Even as Ola pondered, something happened. A cloud of dust arose in the dim corner of the barn. The sound of a stealthy ominous footstep brought him to attention. Another step, and there, standing in the moonlight, was the source of all the pranks which had been played about the farm. A troll, short of stature, peaked of face, aged as the 'huldrefolk' or elf man that plays his mournful dirges beneath the hills, and yet, as young as the 'neck' as he sits with golden ringlets and red cap on the surface of the water, playing his harp. With the grace of a child and the ingenuity of his troll fathers, he pranced about in the moonlight, clicking his heels and chuckling to himself.

"Then, through the clear, cold winter night, came the sound of a bell. Ola, crouching entranced in the shadows, straightened with a start, knocking against some garden tool stored away for the winter. With a sharp crash, the heavy implement fell to the floor. A wail filled the room, and in the moonlight, the troll-figure seemed to be slipping out of sight between the boards. Another wail and the grey Thing had faded into nothingness. Ola, suddenly become pious, stood in the dusty gloom of the little barn, with Olga munching quietly in her corner, and praised St. Olaf for the magic power of church bells."

CLARA S. OLSEN.

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The Witches' Sabbath

Dmitri Merejzkowski seems to have included every horrible creature associated with Hallo'we'en, and a few more of his own creation, in this chapter from his two-volume work, "The Romance of Leonardo da Vinci." For those whose curiosity is aroused, the Sidonia of the story was a "witch" who caused Leonardo to be blamed for the murder of the Duke of Mantua. The chapter here quoted has little bearing on this incident; we offer it for its Hallo'we'en atmosphere alone.

"Forth from the chimney-top flew Cassandra astride the soft hide of a black goat. Ravished, panting, with exaltation filling her soul, she screamed like a young swift, plunging for the first time through the blue air.

"Garr-r! Up! Up! We fly! We fly!"

The deformed and withered body of Aunt Sidonia flew beside her on a broomstick, her thin hair streaming in the blast.

"To the north! To the north!" yelled the hag, managing her broomstick like a horse.

Cassandra burst into peals of laughter; remembering poor Messer Leonardo and his cumbrous mechanism.

Now she ascended, and the black clouds rolled together beneath her; now they burned blue in the flashes of jagged lightning. But above the clouds the sky was clear. A full moon shone, huge and round as a millstone, and so near she could touch it with her hand. Affrighted, she guided the goat downwards again, and he plunged with her headlong into the void.

"Devil of a wench, you'll break your neck!" screamed Sidonia.

Now they were skimming so close to the ground that they brushed the rustling meadow-grasses; will-o'-the-wisps guided their course past old tree-trunks gleaming with rottenness; while the owl, the bittern, and the goatsucker mourned plaintively among the reeds.

Presently they flew across the summits of the Alps, their icy spars glittering in the moonshine; and again they dropped

to the surface of the sea. Cassandra, scooping water in her hand, tossed it in the air, and rejoiced in the sapphire splashes.

Momently their pace increased, and they came up with and distanced fellow-travellers: a sorcerer with long grey hair, in a tub; an ecclesiastic on a muck-rake, red, gorbellied, jovial as Silenus himself; a golden-haired, blue-eyed lass on a broom; a young and red-haired vampire on a grunting porker, and a hundred others.

"Whence come you, little sister?" cried Sidonia, and twenty voices answered her.

"From Candia! From the Isles of Greece! From Valenza! From the Brocken! From Mirandola, Benevento, from the caves and the fjords!"

"Whither go ye?"

"To Biterne! To Biterne! For the marriage of the great goat, the Buck of Biterne. Fly! Fly! Haste to the supper." And they passed over the dreary plain like a cloud of rooks on a whirlwind. The moon shone purple, and against it in the distance gleamed the cross upon a village church. The vampire hurled herself against it, tore away the cross and the great bell, casting them far off into the swamp, where they sank with a despairing clang. The vampire barked like a joyous dog, and the flaxen-haired lass on the cantering broomstick clapped her little hands with glee.

The moon was now hidden by the clouds. Torches flared with flames of green and blue, and upon the chalky plateau the black shadows of the dancing witches spread and wheeled and interlaced and disentwined.

"Garr-r! Garr-r! 'Tis the Sabbath! 'Tis the Sabbath! From right to left! From right to left!"

They flew and they danced in their endless thousands like the withered autumn leaves. In their midst sat Hircus Nocturnus, the great he-goat, enthroned upon the mountain.

"Garr-r! Garr-r! Praise to the great Becco Noturno! The Buck of Biterne! The Buck of Biterne! Our wars are ended! Rejoice ye and rejoice!"

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There was a screeching of pipes made of dead men's bones; the drum, stretched with the skin of the hanged, was beaten with the tail of a wolf. A loathsome stew was boiling in a vast cauldron, not seasoned with salt, for salt is abhorrent to the lord of that place.

Black were-cats were there dancing, lustful and emerald-eyed; slender maidens white as lilies; a shapeless capering incubus, grey as a spider; shuddering nuns; on a low bank, a white-bodied, plump, gigantic witch, with a stupid and good-natured face, was suckling two newly-hatched demons, already greedy and malicious. Three-year-old children not yet admitted to the revelry, were feeding herds of toads, dressed as cardinals, with the sacred Host in their claws.

Sidonia and Cassandra joined the dance which sucked them in and whirled them away like a howling storm.

"Garr-r-r! From right to left! From right to left!"

Long wet whiskers like those of a walrus swept Cassandra's neck; a thin winding tail tickled her face; she was impudently pinched and bitten; hateful endearments were whispered in her ears. . . .

Suddenly petrification fell on the assembly; all voices were hushed, all movement was arrested. From the black throne, surrounded by terror, where sat the great Unknown, came a dull hoarse roar, like the growl of an earthquake.

"Receive you my gifts! To the weak, my strength; my pride to the humble; to the poor-spirited, my wisdom; to the afflicted, my joy. Receive my gifts!"

Then an old man of venerable aspect, his grey beard flowing—one of the fathers of the Holy Inquisition, at the same time patriarch of the sorcerers, and celebrant of the Black Mass, chanted in solemn tones:

"Sanctificetur nomen tuum per universum mundum et libera nos ab omni malo! Be in awe, ye faithful ones, and fall prostrate!"

They knelt, falling on their knees with a crash, and as from one voice resounded the Sorcerer's Confession:

"Credo in Deum patrem Luciferum, qui creavit coelum et terram. Et in filium suum Beelzebub."

When the last sounds had died away, and there was renewed stillness, the

same voice of the Unknown, deafening as an earthquake, cried:

"Bring hither my bride—my stainless dove!"

And the old man with the flowing beard inquired:

"What is the name of thy bride, thy stainless dove?"

"Madonna Cassandra! Madonna Cassandra!" roared the great voice.

Hearing the pronouncement of her name, the girl's blood froze in her veins. Her hair stood erect.

"Madonna Cassandra! Cassandra!" rang the cry from the crowd. Where hideth she? Where is our sovereign? *Ave Arcisponsa Cassandra!*"

She hid her face and would have fled; but bony fingers, claws, antennae, and proboscès, and the hairy legs of spiders seized her; and dragged her trembling before the throne. The rank odour of a goat, and a chill as of death smote her; she closed her eyes in dread. Then he upon the throne cried: "Come!"

Her head hanging, she saw at her feet a fiery cross gleaming through the darkness. She made a supreme effort, took a step forward, and raised her eyes.

Then a miracle took place.

The goat's skin fell from him as the scales from a sloughing snake; she was face to face with Dionysus the Olympian; thyrsus and vine-branch in his hands, a smile of eternal joy upon his lips, the panther at his feet pawing at the grapes.

And the *Sabbato diabolico* changed into the divine orgies of Bacchus; the witches became Maenads, the monstrous demons were kindly goat-footed Satyrs; the chalk rocks were colonnades of shining marble, lighted by the sun, and between them in the distance was the purple sea. The radiant gods of Hellas, surrounded by an aureole of fire, were gathering in the clouds, and the Satyrs and the Bacchantes, beating their timbrels, cutting their breasts with knives, squeezing the grape-juice into goblets of gold, and mingling it with their blood, danced and circled and sang:

"Glory to Dionysus! Glory to Dionysus! The gods have risen! Glory to the eternal gods!"

And Bacchus, the ever young, opened his arms to Cassandra.

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"THE BLACK SILK DRESS—GERALD BROCKHURST

—Courtesy Casson Galleries

From the distance sang the morning cry of the cock, and a sharp odour of fog and smoke greeted the nostrils. Slowly through the air came the sound of a bell, and at this sound the mountain was convulsed. Again the Maenads became the monstrous hags, the Satyrs or Fauns were demons, and the beautiful Dionysus resolved once more into the hideous and fetid Hircus Nocturnus.

"Homewards! Fly! Escape!"

"They have stolen my muck-rake!" the gorbellied ecclesiastic roared despairingly.

"Hog, return to me!" screamed the red-haired vampire, shivering and coughing in the mountain damp.

The setting moon once more shone out from behind the clouds, and in the pallid crimson of her light, the frightened witches, swarm after swarm, like unclean flies, streamed away from the mountain.

"Garr-r! Garr-r! Up from the depths! Do not knock your heads! Save yourselves! Fly!"

The Becco Notturmo, bleating lamentably, sank through the earth leaving the rotten and stifling odour of sulphur. And slow and solemn the church bells sounded more triumphantly through the purer air."

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"Thus the children lived useful and happy lives. They forgot their troubles; lame backs, lack of arms, and lack of legs. They also forgot everything about a formal schedule and academic education. One would be justified in thinking Mr. Bakule had done enough in educating the heart and hand, but he was not forgetful of the head. He was patiently following out his own ideas of studying the child's needs and impulses, and directing his energies accordingly.

"The State school authorities on every visit to the Institute asked, "Do you teach the children to read, write, and

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EDITORIALS

Waste

We quote President Mary E. Woolley of Mount Holyoke, in her first chapel address of the year.

"The greatest tragedy in any life is the failure to realize its possibilities. . . . We define waste too casually, and fail to realize its power for harm. To waste is to bring ruin, to devastate; it belongs in the group of the destructive, not constructive forces. And yet, we waste our money, our time, our opportunities, ourselves. We are nothing more than wasters." President Woolley is courageous enough to put the truth to her audience unadulterated. She continues, "When girls spend money recklessly, I cannot help but think of what the money wasted would mean to some other girls, of whom every college executive knows—those girls 'without a cent' who have dreams of 'working their way through' only to come up against the blank wall of practical impossibility."

"Wasters of time, dawdlers, are inclined to feel that time is not valuable, the matter is not serious, and certainly no one's business but their own. But the matter is serious and success, of any sort, seldom comes to the dawdler. On the other hand, the acquirement of the art of shutting out the world, of concentrating the mind upon the thing before it, is one of the most direct roads to accomplishment."

We have been here for three years and we are familiar with every time-killing device known to the art student. We say, seriously, with a pious droop to our eyelids, "If the Giftie would Onlie gie us back those precious seconds we have so carelessly or unwittingly murdered, to what glorious use could we not put them now!"

"The last and most serious waste is the waste of self," concludes President Woolley. "In our living, as in our working, it is so easy to be satisfied with 'getting by.' The cheapened self, the petty self, the flippant self, the superficial self—what are they all but manifestations of the wasted self? To realize the possibilities for good in oneself; to cultivate, not dissipate; to build up, not tear down—that helps to give meaning to life. It is not selfish to want to make the most of oneself in order to give the most to others."

We should like to enlarge on that last. The fact that some of us are here, means sacrifice on the part of someone else. There is only one way to make up the deficit to them, and that is by making the utmost of opportunities here. It is not selfish to expect sacrifice on the part of others, if we realize at the start why that sacrifice is being made.

The Service of the Amateur Theatre

"The church, realizing that it must touch contemporary life at every point, has recognized the significance of the non-professional theatre. Is it too much to claim that the Little Theatre is working hand in hand with the church, though perhaps by different means, and that the ultimate aims of both institutions are not dissimilar?"—Oliver Hinsdell in *Making the Little Theatre Pay*.

We would not say that the theatre should devote itself entirely to the production of plays which point a moral, but rather, emphasize the fact that in the theatre exists a powerful means of education for the masses. And surely there is Beauty, and Truth, and Life in its best sense, to be found in the drama. The members of Little Theatre organizations are realizing this and recognizing a moral obligation to present the best in drama

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to the people. These Little Theatres are made up of amateurs who have a Vision, and the will to co-operate for the common good. They do not seek personal fame, but rather, to make of their project a lasting and growing feature of community life, and because the Little Theatre is inherently a community project, it has a far better chance of reaching everyone than has the professional stage.

The amateur theatrical organization has become a live factor in small communities especially, through the passing of the road company. Also, the fact that no cities, except New York, Chicago, and Philadelphia will support excellent actors for any length of time, has forced the intelligent public to furnish its own good drama. Audiences, therefore, have learned not to demand or expect histrionic perfection, but to appreciate the imagination and sincere depth of feeling which a player can bring to his part. Very often the charm of an amateur actor's handling of a part lies in the local flavor which he is able to introduce. This was true of The Little Country Theatre production of Ibsen's *Peer Gynt*. These college players played to packed houses, many coming from long distances in vain. It is simplicity of treatment, and whole-hearted sincerity which makes the work of the amateur groups so impressive.

Because membership in Little Theatre groups will naturally be recruited from schools and colleges, it is interesting to know what schools and colleges are offering in the way of preparation in this field. Mr. Alfred G. Arvold, head of The Little Country Theatre which has its headquarters in the Agricultural College at Fargo, North Dakota, writes at length in *Theatre Arts* to show "What any community can do if it catches the vision of its possibilities." This organization, which is composed of college students, owns, beside its own special theatre library, a second library of plays, readings, bulletins of community life, pictures, pageants, and floats, which are loaned out to rural communities. Scores of pageants are supplied yearly. Many of the books in the special library, and all of the properties and costumes used in productions in the theatre, were purchased with money from the "box office

receipts." The players are practically untrained. Their greatest asset is their own imagination and their sincere belief in the importance and beauty of their work.

The Fargo group and the Carolina Playmakers under Prof. Koch received their inspiration and impetus from The Dakota Playmakers, of the University of North Dakota at Grand Forks. This movement began with a "barn-storming" tour of a group of University players. The first play, Sheridan's *The Rivals*, was followed in succeeding tours with Goldsmith's *She Stoops to Conquer*, Dickens' *Tom Pinch*, and Sheridan Knowles' *The Love Chase*. Out of the dramatic interest which naturally followed, a group of people banded together and pledged themselves to the production of native plays of their prairie country. "Two different types of drama developed naturally—the pageant, a distinctly communal form enlisting actively all the people; and the folk-play, an intimate portrayal of the life and character of the people of the plains." The work of The Dakota Playmakers received attention in different parts of the country. Dr. Edwin Greenlaw, Head of the Department of English in the State university in North Carolina, saw the possibilities of developing a native folk-drama of the Carolinas and introduced the movement there. As a result of this, the Chapel Hill Playhouse was inaugurated. This is an institution of co-operative folk-arts. Its adjustable stage, scenery, lighting effects, settings, and costumes are designed and executed by the amateur playmakers at Chapel Hill. The term "playmakers" means exactly what it obviously says, "makers of plays." The plays are written and produced by students in the university. "The Playhouse is an institution of neighborliness, a House of Play—of play that is not amusement merely, but recreation on the plane of imagination, of play that will be truly *re-creation!*" The keynote of the work along this line throughout the Dakotas and the Carolinas is "communism," not in the radical, destructive sense of the word, but in the true meaning of sharing in common with everyone else. The dramatic work is a group project, written by members of the group, produced from beginning to

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CLASS NEWS

"Double, Double, Toil and Trouble"

Ignored by all, we are suddenly surprised and flattered by news that a small space in "The Vignette" has been allotted us.

We are in the pleasant predicament of feeling very much as we imagine it would feel to play the parts of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. At first, we are painfully despondent. The next morning we are riding buoyantly on the high tide of Hope.

In the morning we optimistically embark on the sea to fame; at four o'clock, we feel like the undeserving shipman, for whom the Witch predicted,

"Though his bark cannot be lost,
Yet it shall be tempest-tost."

Our brains bubble feebly in the attempt to keep "up with the Joneses" while the "Joneses" "round about the cauldron go" and "in the poison'd entrails throw." We are pulled this way and dragged that. The Sophomores dampen our arduous advances. The Juniors breathe hoarfrost at us, and the Seniors chill us to the bone. All that remains is the Faculty. Before the Faculty we gladly, ardently, devotedly bow the knee!

Sophomore News

Weil, well! Back again and so "changed" we hardly know ourselves.

"You're to specialize," we were told, and most of us started specializing right into the Teacher Training division, midst much groaning and grinding of teeth on the part of the Office. It's funny how they didn't seem to like it. Finally, the Dean came in and made the situation so clear that even the most lackadaisical and unconscious of us understood that if we didn't "change" to another division with a chortle of glee, we would be forcefully ejected—just like the warning in the

Subway that undesirable persons aren't wanted and you get fifty dollars if you find one! We started off like an auction, where the number gets up to five and everybody hopes someone else will volunteer, and the auctioneer bellows out, "Now we can't let this go for five! Won't someone offer five and a half?" At last, eleven hale and hearty members decided to become designers and let the rest be teachers if they wanted to.

After we had that all settled, we discovered with joy, that hazing was to be reinstated. Most of us were sorry that we couldn't have the fun of it last year, and so it's to be done properly this year, with no casualties or heartbreaks on the part of the Freshmen if the Sophs can help it. The school needs this group informality, and we know that this Freshman class will feel more at home because of it.

Really, it seems funny not to be a Freshie any more; in fact, I almost feel like apologizing for being a Soph. Wonder if we'll all feel the same indefinable regret when we get to be Juniors?

From the Juniors

The Juniors began their third year with some trepidation, bearing in mind the woeful tales about perspective and anatomy which had a way of seeping about last year. As for the latter, Mr. Andrews inspires our deepest admiration. A class which might otherwise be one of tedious inactivity becomes one of interesting revelation. And the former? Did someone just bubble over in regard to Perspective? It is fun; and we had looked forward to it almost as to torture!

At least one Junior believes in doing today what could be done tomorrow. For proof of this, ask Henry Blattner about the dummy Year Book, which he

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In Memoriam

Dorothy M. Currie

Class of 1928

Bradley H. Cushman

Class of 1930

drew up this summer while the rest of us lazed about acquiring sunburns. If the finished product is one-tenth as beautiful as the plan, M. S. A. will demand a second edition.

Another Junior achievement to be proud of is the forming of the Dramatic Club. With Monroe Burbank as Director and Mr. Brewster interested, the club should enjoy a successful year. Mr. Brewster proposes a visit to Chinatown's theatre as a prelude to the season's activities. Now don't you want to join?

Have you talked with either Faith or Don about their fun this summer? Who did not receive a diminutive oblong card from Venice? All praise to "Faithy" for remembering so many. And Don comes back from the West with a delightful tan, some fascinating etchings, and tales, and tales. We hope they may both be persuaded to speak in Assembly some day.

The Junior year brings with it an atmosphere of seriousness hitherto difficult to find in many of our classrooms. Although friends are parted and cliques scattered, there exists in the class a finer degree of fellowship than ever before.

Senior Notes

It is good to be back, everyone looks so well and happy. We are glad to be here and to go on with our work. We realize now, that not only is the field of Art very broad, but there is a tremendous breadth to our own branch, also.

In ways of handling human personalities, the Teacher Trainers are making many discoveries. Psychology applied to the teaching of children is most interesting. Some splendid ideas on this sub-

ject are given in the first chapter of "The Making of Personality" by Bliss Carman. Here is a sample. "It may be claimed that the task of the ideal artist is to make something out of nothing, to disseminate ideals by giving them reality, to increase the sum of happiness in the world, . . . but it is hardly appreciated that the task of the ideal teacher is equally creative and far-reaching. He deals with a spiritual art, moulding plastic personalities to human perfection by his skill, his *patience*, his insight and his genius."

"We're happy!" is the word from the Drawing and Painting class. The members have left charcoal for paint in all their classes. Under Mr. Major and Mr. O'Donnell they know the benefit of a unique combination; Mr. Major stresses the conservative and classical, while Mr. O'Donnell emphasizes all which is radical and modern.

In a sense, the Designers are not so happy. Their chance for expression is limited to the problems which the business world offers; and there is always the problem of the final job. Notwithstanding the limitation, they seem to have a wealth of ideas and are making rapid progress.

A few of us have heard from the Costume Designers who are in New York. They have a variety of things to report. Generally speaking, they like the city. Some of them even prefer it to Boston. They also write that it is impossible to get lost and that they are much amused by the funny busses.

The modeling students are working diligently in their own little corner under

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No. 1

Our New Theatre Movement

For the last two or three years, it has been the desire of a group of students of the Massachusetts School of Art to have some sort of theatre workshop where they could try out experiments in the theatre arts. Last year, four members of the Sophomore class improved the school theatre by building a proscenium arch, and installing a lighting equipment and a set of draperies. This was the beginning of the present movement. One of the students, who was very much interested in theatre work, brought together a few of his fellow-students with the idea of forming a professional workshop. The plan was approved by the Dean, and membership in the organization was opened to the entire school. There were seventy-five students enrolled at the first meeting with the enrollment still increasing. The officers elected were chosen for their experience and ability to handle each particular office. They are:

Director: Monroe Walker Burbank
Assistant Director: Lawrence Jacobs
Publicity Manager:
Advertising Manager: Robert H. Blattner
Director of Music: Robert Amendola
Coach: Edmund Bradley
Casting Director: Edmund Bradley
Treasurer: Kenneth Barton
Secretary: Faith Hale
Assistant Secretary: Frances Redmond
Scenic Designer: Everett Durgin

Assistant Scenic Designer: Dorothy Chambers

Costume Designer: Rose Veselak

Electrician: M. W. Burbank

Property Manager: Donald Plummer

Stage Carpenter:

Chief Usher: Walea Grundmann

The purpose of this association is to bring about, for those interested in the theatre arts, the practical application of work done in the Art School class room. This includes the following departments: Theatre Design, General Design, Costume Design, English, History, Crafts, Modeling, and Instrumental Drawing.

It is also hoped that this will prove a means of keeping promising students before the public, so that their work will be known and appreciated. The Director pointed out that the development of scenic effects, lighting effects, masks, costumes, etc., is more in our field than the work of actual dramatization, and accordingly, these things will be emphasized. He hopes to be able to co-operate with schools which emphasize dramatic ability, and to exchange work so that each group will learn something from the other. There is also promised a series of talks by people prominent in the Boston theatre world.

The movement has the enthusiastic backing of the Faculty, and there is every reason to believe that it will grow into one of the vital features of our school life.

M. W. B.

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Magic

The first mention of magic and magicians is in the book of Exodus where "magicians of Egypt imitated the miracles of Moses by certain enchantments." Magicians began their "hokum" in Rome and Greece when they astounded their subjects by moving representations of the Gods. According to Hyppolytus, these ancient thaumaturgists created images by throwing reflections of cleverly dressed live models, (even then), on a screen of smoke from burning incense with the aid of concave metal mirrors. Another trick of this age was that of drawing figures on a dark wall in inflammable material which, at the proper moment, was suddenly ignited. Records have been found of the magic of the orient, of the necromancy of the continental Malays, and of the enchantments of the Assyrians. So it is possible to trace the great progress of magic and magicians through a long period of time.

In the reign of Elizabeth, the practice of magic had fallen into ill repute, and magicians were classed with "ruffians, blasphemers, thieves, vagabonds, Turks, heretics, pagans, and sorcerers." A number of years later, the art was known as witchcraft or communication with evil spirits. Yet from the first, magic has spurred the development of all existing sciences, and has aided the arts. This is its history, briefly, and with these ancient associations for background, it is possible for the Magic Club of The Massachusetts School of Art to offer a convincing program in conjuring.

Cultivation of poise, self-confidence and diction are attained, together with the achievement of artistic skill in designing scenery, costumes, and equipment. Music and dancing are also included. The club, whose object is to mystify as well as to instruct, invites and advises you, as magicians have done for ages, to watch closely!

KENNETH BERRY.

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end by members of the group for the group, as a whole. The playmakers are a society of amateurs, of *amatores*—in the original sense of the word *amo*, "I love." "For the spirit of communal play cannot be formed by the machinery of

modern organization alone; it must come spontaneously from the heart of man. It must be an expression of the joy of the worker in striving to create, to inform something into beauty—into poetry."

The societies of Playmakers constitute only one type of successful non-professional theatre group; municipal movements such as The Dallas Little Theatre, in Dallas, Texas, are another. The first type satisfies the need of a scattered population; the second, of a more compact people. The nature of the organization will be preordained by the kind of community which it must sustain. Whatever its title or method of procedure the amateur dramatic society ceases to be vital when it forgets its mission. It needs to keep its obligation to the community in mind as its premier *raison d'être*. If it lowers the standard of its repertory, it is no longer deserving of the support of the public. It holds in the hollow of its palm the priceless opportunity of helping human beings to live more fully, if possible, more beautifully. It is its own inspiration, and can fail only in the hands of the wrong people. Remembering the wide extent of its influence, and the tremendous responsibility incurred, (because it is supplanting the professional road show and is becoming THE thing in so many communities), no amateur group can contemplate the organization of a theatre movement except in a spirit of humility and service.

D. W.

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reckon?" For over a year, the director answered in the negative. He says, "I was hard and remained in my sin. I waited till Life itself would claim such knowledge as a necessity from my children, and would arouse their interest and kindle their desire. Finally, the occasion came on the last Sunday in June, 1914. Seven-year old Jarous lay on the floor, looking up at the ceiling. Vojtech, sixteen years old, enters carrying a pen and sheet of paper. Jarous raises his head.

"What are you going to do, Vojtech?"

"Write a letter to my father and mother."

Jarous rises from the floor. For a while he reflects and looks off into space. Then he crawls to the director's planing bench.

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ART NEWS



LIP STICK—LAURA KNIGHT

—Courtesy Casson Galleries

Local Exhibitions, Current and Future

After being marooned in the mountains all summer, we are doubly glad to be back in Copley Square again within reach of the Art Galleries. We have seen so much of natural beauty, mountains in the sun and rain, spectacular sunsets, and large, starlit evenings, that we long for a whole roomful of extremely conventional block-prints, designs, patterns, line-drawings, and all the rest.

We tried to find a wild, modern show to satisfy our temporarily perverted taste, but there are none in town yet. Someone suggested 40 Joy Street, but that, too, has not yet had its fall open-

ing. In fact, most of the galleries give the impression of having just returned from a vacation themselves. The exhibitions are chiefly miscellaneous works, including a few familiar ones we remember seeing last year.

At the Casson gallery, however, is a fine, decorative group of etchings and aquatints by Laura Knight, A.R.E. Strong contrasts of light and shade, firm outlines and good drawing make this one of the most interesting collections we have seen this month. The compositions are all entertaining, especially the "Swing Boat," in which the light spots of the scheme form a curve which vividly sug-

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MOONLIGHT—STANLEY W. WOODWARD

—Courtesy Casson Galleries

gests the motion of swinging. "Ethel," a young girl's head, and the "Three Graces," nude figures, are done on a soft ground and resemble red chalk drawings by the old Masters. "Filia Mundi," a girl's head in strong light and shade, is very attractive. "Lipstick" is a glimpse of theatrical life behind the scenes. Aside from the technique, the quaint English subjects intrigued us: the life of the dressing-room in the theatre, of the circus and fair, and Hampton Heath on a holiday like a scene from one of Jeffery Farnol's romantic tales.

The guild, on Newbury Street, with its ever-serene, well-ordered atmosphere, seemed quite the same as when we left last June. Mr. Wallace's portrait of a girl in yellow is still there; and a wild flower study by Mr. Major, in pale blues, greens, and violets. This is a bit quieter than some of his rich crimson, gold, and blue compositions, but is very lovely. "The Coachman," by Marie Danforth Page, Kronberg's "Ballet Girl," after Degas, and Ruth Anderson's small, red-headed girl, "dressed up" in red and lavender and called "Fine Feathers," are all worth looking at.

In October, the Art Club will open with an exhibition of paintings by American artists; and at the Museum of Fine Arts, there will be a centenary showing of portraits by Gilbert Stuart. The new decorative arts wing, an event in the history of American art, will open about the middle of November. The wing contains a group of rooms from English manor

houses and New England Colonial homes with period furnishings.

M. R.

The Approaching Exhibition of American Sculpture

In San Francisco next April, there is to be held a huge exhibition of the sculpture of America. This is the second of its kind to be financed by Mr. Archer M. Huntington, a wealthy New York patron of art. Although not an artist himself, Mr. Huntington is very much interested in art and has given liberally to its cause. His wife, formerly Anna Hyatt, is a member of the National Sculpture Society which is in charge of the exhibition, and it is through her that the event has been made possible. Mr. Huntington is giving \$100,000 to make this America's largest sculpture exhibit.

The grounds and sixteen galleries of the museum in San Francisco will be given over to the National Sculpture Society, so that it will be possible for both outdoor and indoor pieces to have their own settings. Monumental works of heroic size, portraits, statuettes, medallions or medals, and even photographs of sculpture may be sent in. There will be no restrictions on work submitted. Both amateur and professional work will be considered. Academic and modern pieces will be shown with an excellent opportunity for comparison. Anything un-

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THE MINSTER—F. L. GRIGGS

—Courtesy Casson Galleries

And Still Another Millay

We have known Edna St. Vincent Millay for a long time. She needs no introduction. And last year Kathleen Millay, her sister, made her debut with the slim little volume, "The Evergreen Tree." Now comes a publisher's first copy of Children's Verse, "Little Otis," by their mother, Mrs. Cora B. Millay. These poems have two of the true Millay qualities: music and whimsical humor. They are delightful. We are quoting one or two for your special enjoyment.

It isn't any wonder that
It's hard to catch the flies—
I wonder who could catch me, if
I had eight thousand eyes!
A fly can see a nawful crowd
Of ev'-ry-thing he no-tic-es;
And, if he looked at me, he'd see
Eight thousand Little Otises.

At breakfast time at Grampa's house,
The first thing, they don't eat;
'Cause Grampa shuts his eyes and has
Some verses to repeat.
One day I passed my plate and said:
"I don't know what it means,
But, if you got your piece all spoke,
I'd like to have some beans."

The fault my Gramma finds with me
Is more than I deserve.
Most ev'ry little thing I do
It hits her on a nerve.
She can-not-bear my drummin', or
My blowin' on a comb—
She makes it very hard for me
To make myself at home.

Gramp is a Baptist Sundays, and
Re-pub-li-can the rest;
He says each man has got a right
To do as he thinks best:
Says one man thinks that this is right,
Another thinks it's that;
But he couldn't be a Meth-o-dist,
No more'n a Democrat.

There ain't no sense in Jog-er-fry
Unless you're goin' away.
Gram says I've got to learn a little
Ev'ry stormy day—
About who lives in Af-ri-ca;
About who lives in Si-am—
I don't care who those fellers are,
And they don't care who I am.

THE • VIGNETTE

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"Mr. Bakule," he said in a low voice and somewhat vaguely, "I should like to write to my mother."

"Well, write then."

"But I cannot yet write."

"I shall show you then how to do it, if you wish."

"Come, please," said Jarous taking the director by the hand and drawing him to the table. Several boys were enjoying the picture book. Little Jenicck, a boy of seven, then inquired what the director and Jarous were about to do.

"Jarous wishes to write a letter to his mother. I will show him how to do it," answered Mr. Bakule.

Other children joined Jarous and Jenicck.

"The desire to write suddenly burst forth from the children, and soon an epidemic seized them. Even the armless wrote with their feet. All applied themselves to writing as zealously as they had devoted themselves to woodwork and weaving.

"The following Monday, after eating their breakfasts, the children searched for writing materials. They felt the great need of communicating with their parents, and desired to write, solely to write letters. They practiced writing so seriously that it was difficult to get them to take exercise or to go to bed. They could not learn fast enough, for until this time they had felt they could not communicate with their loved ones at home. Their desire and aim in writing was to send a letter to mother or father. The children were accustomed to persevere until they had achieved. Their natural experience in Life and Work had taught them that patience and perseverance win rewards.

"At the end of two weeks, Jarous wrote a letter to his mother. In the same period the others learned to spell and write from dictation. In a few weeks they wrote and read independently.

"Mr. Bakule humbly insists he was not astonished by this success. He regarded it as a normal consequence of what had preceded. Their contacts with life and the suitable physical work had wakened and developed their senses. They had been encouraged to work out problems for themselves, and thus had developed a quick and sure judgment.

When the young artisan had learned how to handle a knife, an awl, a saw, a plane, a lead pencil, and a brush, when making useful and beautiful articles in the workshop, what difficulties could he possibly encounter in drawing a pen over paper?

"As soon as the children learned to read, they were encouraged to find the answers to their own questions. The search for definite information as to history, music, art, and science lead them into the city libraries. This self-dependence rewarded them with a keen delight in books, which still further enriched their creative ability.

"From reading to song is but a step. In reading the great epics, national songs and lyrics, the desire to reproduce them was born. Could the director teach them singing? Yes he could, even though he himself did not have the technique of music. One of Mr. Bakule's principles is that the true artist can give creative ability to his students in an art although he himself may never have developed that creative ability. The children learned to sing the national songs in the tongues in which they were written, and their interpretation of the national folk songs bespoke the spirit of the writer and the emotion of the people's sublime effort."

I had been thinking of Mr. Bakule and his work after we heard the first concert at Prague, so when I learned that we would hear the children again at the American banquet I was keenly interested. As the boys and girls entered they passed quite close to our table. Some had clothes that were worn, but clean, some native costume. I noticed one boy's costume in particular. He wore short, dark, blue velvet knickers, a black jacket over a peasant blouse and had a bit of orange ruffle from one shoulder. His boots were high and folded down and his cap was a soft felt similar to an Alpine cap, with a long, slender, white feather. Mr. Bakule lead the children in. His face was rapt. In his eyes was the kindliness, far vision and wisdom of Him who satisfied the soul of the five thousand. The children grouped about him and sang again. The face of a little lame girl, so sad in repose, bloomed like a flower. It was almost too beautiful to look at. But the face of

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THE • VIGNETTE

Avowal

We made a vow that some still night
We'd meet at gray old crumbled walls
Amid the ruins of the past
At Angkor or in Athen's halls.

And we would dance just as we liked
We'd chant our poems to the moon
While all the spirits of the past
Would look, and sing to Pan's faint tune.

But now, you've felt the soft grey mesh
The Maker weaves into his shawl
That floats beyond the realm of sight
To fold us in—embrace us all.

Yet know I this is not the end—
The Infinite is never done
And we shall dance as we once vowed
'Mid walls where sits the Only One.
D. T.

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the teacher we could never forget. The
light kindled then came from a deep
rooted joy like that of the Great Teacher
when he had little children around Him.
HILDA FROST.

*From the Czechoslovak Review, August,
1923, by W. W. Jamison.

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worthy of exhibition will be barred, since
all material exhibited is to be chosen by
a jury of fifteen people who will repre-
sent the best sculpture of each school.
The exhibit will bring to notice the best
sculpture of America, showing the trend
of our work. It will be interesting to
learn whether we are being influenced by
the Old World, or whether we are de-
veloping a decided style of our own.

Any pieces to be submitted must be
sent in before March, when the work of
placing will be begun. No prizes will
be given, but this is an excellent oppor-
tunity to bring work before the public.
Transportation charges will be paid by
the society on work from any part of
the country.

HELENE DAUPHINEE.

Continued from Page 21

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beginning. They are engrossed in their
work and the work is of prime import-
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